35 TAC FTR WG



SONG BOOK

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A House Without Love Is Not A Home

For years we both have lived on pride, dear,
And we agree that love is gone
Why, oh, why do we keep trying
A house without love is not a home,
The love light in your eyes is faded,
And I'm contented just to ream.
We paly to gain a worthless treasure,
A house without love is not a home.
No matter where our footsteps wander,
I know we'll both be all alone
With the pride that came between us,
A house without love is not a home.
The simple things have gone forever,
We wanted wealth to call our own,
And now we've reached the hour of parting
A house without love is not a home.

A Man Without A Woman

A man without a woman
Is like a ship without a sail
Is like a boat without a rudder
Like a kite without a tail

A man without a woman
Is like a shipwreck on the sand
But if there's one thing worse in the universe
It's a woman, I said a woman
I mean a woman without a man

For you can roll a silver dollar
Cross the bar room floor
And it will roll, because it's round
And a woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down

So honey listen, now honey listen to me
I want you to understand
That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand
While a woman goes from man to man

A Man Without A Woman

A man without a woman is like a ship
without a sail,
Just like a boat without a rudder
a kite without a tail.
A man without a woman is like a wreck
cast on the sand.
But if there's one thing worse
in the universe,
It's a woman, I said a woman,
it's a woman without a man.

Now you can roll a silver dollar
'cross the barroom floor,
And it'll roll because it's round.
A woman nver knows what a good man
she's got
Until she turns him down.
Now, listen, my honey, won't you listen
to me
I want you to understand
Just as a silver dollar goes
from hand to hand,
A woman goes from man to man - In old
Pawtucket
A woman goes from man to man.

Abdul Abulbul Amir

The sons of the prophet are brave and bold, and quite
Unaccustom'd to fear, But the bravest of all in the ranks of
the Shah was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

If you wanted a man to encourage the van or harass the foe from
The rear, Storm fort or redoubt, you had only to shout for
Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame
In the troops hat were led by the Czar and the
bravest of these was man by the name of Ivan
Skavinsky Skavar

He could imitate Irving, paly poker and pool, and
Strum on the Spanish guitar, In fact quite the
Cream of the Muscovite team was Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.
One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun,
and donned his most truculent sneer, Downtown he
did go, where he trod on the toe of Abdul Abulbul Amir

"Young man", Quoth Abdul, "Has life grown so dull
That you wish to end your career? Vile infidel,
Know, you have trod on the toe of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

Said Ivan, "My friend, Your remarks in the end
Will avail you but little I fear, For you ne'r
Will survive to repeat them alive, Mr. Abdul Abulbul Amir."
"So take your last look at sunshine and brook,
And send your regrets to the Czar, For by this
I simply, you are going to die, Count Ivan Shavinsky Skavar"
Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk,
With a cry of "Allah Akbar",
And with murderous intent he ferociously went for Ivan Skavinsky
Skavar

They parried and thrust, they sidestepped and cussed
Of blood they spilled a great part; The philolgist
Blokes, who seldom cracked jokes, say that hash was first
Made on that spot

They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow light;
The din, it was heard from afar, and huge multitudes came,
So great was the fame, of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life, In fact
He was shouting "Huzzah," He felt himself struck by that
wily Calmuck, Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.
The Sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly, expecting
the victor to cheer, But he only drew nigh to hear the
last sigh of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

CZAR Pertovich tool in his spectacles blue, rode
up in his new crested car. He arrived just in time
To exchange a last line with Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

There's a tomb rises up where the Blue Danube rolls,
And 'graved there in characters clear, are, "Stranger,
When passing, oh pray for the soul of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

A splash in the Black Sea one dark moonless night,
Caused ripples to spread wide and far, It was made
By a sack fitting close to the back, Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.
A muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps, 'neath
The light of the pale polar star, and the name
That she murmurs so soft as the weeps, Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Ace In The Hole

Oh the world is full of guys, who think
they're mighty wise
Just because they know a thing or two
You can see them night and day strolling
up and down browdway
Telling of the things that they can do
Oh there are wise men and there are boozers
Con men and crap shooters, they all hang
around the Metropole
Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do
they get those dollars
They all have that ace down in the hole
Some of them write to the old folks, for coin
that's their old ace in the hole
Others have girls on the old tender-loin
That's their ace in the hole
They'll tell you of places that they're
going to see
From Frisco to the old north pole
But their name would be mud, like a chump
playing stud
If they lost that old ace in the hole

After The Mission's Over

After the mission's over
After we all get back
We get interrogated
Where did you see the flak?
How were the Jerry fighters?
What time was tally ho?
Have you any bitches?
If not you may go.
We like the P-47
We think they handle swell
We like to fly formation
We're all as nuts as Hell
We like the fighter peal-off
It will kill us all some day
Land in 15 seconds
Or the Colonel will have to say
(Anyname), you straggled all day
______ used poor techniques
________ you had your head up
We'll have a short critique you
missed the land fall-in ________
________ you will report
Why, with only one wing off
You had to abort

Air Force "801"

(Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball)

Listen to the rumble Oh hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream
And hear old Merlin roar
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the down-wind leg
My prop has over-run
My collant's overheated, the gauge says one-two-one
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, 'cause this is coffee hour!
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see,
So take it on around again, we have some VIP!

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun.
My engine's running rough, and the coolant's gonna blow
I'm gonna buy a Mustang, so look out down below!

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and runnin on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I gotta get my charts fixed up before that judgement day!

Air Force 801, this is judgement day
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay!
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight to Hell!

Air Force Lament

(Tune Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
The Air Force has gone to HELL

CHORUS
Glory------Flying Regulations have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them
The Air Force has gone to HELL

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to fight the deadly wrong,
But now it's only memory it only lives in song.
The Air Force has gone to hell

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,
But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads in shame,
Their spirit's shot to HELL

They flew their rugged Thunder jets through a living hell of Flak,
And bloody dying Pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations shack.
Their technique's gone to HELL

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberators, too,
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
And we can't fly them for HELL

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel,
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong,
The Air Force has gone to HELL

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame.
But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so gosh-damn tame,
Our spirit's shot to HELL

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that,
Or you will burn in HELL

Air Force Song

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame;

CHORUS

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the vastness of the sky
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The U.S. Air Force;

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Set it high into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived God only knew;
(God only knew then;)
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings, ever to soar
With fighters before and bombers galore.
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true;
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the blue
(Out of the blue, boy)
Flying men, guarding the nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more
In echelon we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force

Bell Bottom Trousers

Once I was a chamber maid
Down in Drury Lane
My mistress she was kind to me
My master was the same
'Till along came a sailor
Happy as could be
He was the cause of all my misery.

CHORUS:
Bell Bottom trousers
Coats of Navy Blue
He'll climb the riggin'
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a Kerchief
To tie about his head
He asked me for a candle
To light his way to bed
And I a silly maiden
Thinking it no harm
Jumped right in the sailor's bed
To keep the sailor warm.

CHORUS:
Early in the morning
About the break of day
A five pound note he gave to me
And this to me did say
You may have a daughter or
You may have a son
Take this note my dear
For the damage I have done.

CHORUS:
If you have a daughter
Bounce her on your knee
And if you have a son
Send the bastard out to sea.
Singing: CHORUS

Now the moral of this story
As you can plainly see is
Never trust a sailor
An inch above the knee.

Be Nobody's Darlin' But Mine

Come sit by my side little darlin'
Come lay your cool hand on my brown,
And promise me that you will never
Be anybody's darling but mine.
CHORUS
Be nobody's darlin' but mine, dear,
Be honest, be faithful, be kind,
And promise me that you will never
Be nobody's darlin' but mine.

Now mother has gone up in heaven,
And father has gone down below,
Sister has gone to meet mother,
And I'm left in this sad world along
............CHORUS

You're sweet as the flower in springtime,
You're fresh as the dew on the rose,
I'd rather be somebody's darlin'
Than a poor boy who nobody knows
............CHORUS

Blue Eyes

I am thinking tonight of my blue eyes
Who is sailing far over the sea,
O, I'm thinking tonight of my blue eyes
And I wonder if he ever thinks of me

You told me once dear that You'd love me,
And you said that we never would part,
But a link in that chain has been broken,
Leaving me with a sad and aching heart.

When that cold, cold, cold grave has enclosed me,
Will you come dear and shed just one tear,
And say to the strangers about me,
A poor heart you have broken lies here.

Beside A Korean Waterfall

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day;
Beside his shattered Sabre, the young Pursuiter lay.
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead.
Now listen to the very last words, the young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land. Where everything is bright.
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles; and there's poker
every night.

There's never anything to do, but sit around and sing.
Where all the crews are women ---- O, Deathe where is thy sting.

O, death where is they sting, ting-a-ling, O, death where is thy sting.

The bells of hell may ring, ting-a-ling, for you but not for me!

Bosom Buddies

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
Around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said.

Why did I join the Air Force?
Mother, dear Mother knew best.
Here I lay under the wreckage
An "80" all over my chest.
Take the dive brakes out of my kidneys,
Take the buckets out of my brain,
Take the throttle out of my shinbone,
And assemble that Allison again.

CHORUS
We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozing.
We are the lads that they sent out to die;
Bosom buddies while boozing.

There in the hangar they sing and they shout,
They talk about things they know nothing about.
We are the boys who fly in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozing

Bring That Base Leg In

(Tune: Pistol Packing Mama)

Flying 'round the pattern
And was I having fun
Until one day I undershot
And now my flying's done.
CHORUS
Bring that base-leg in, boys
Bring that base-leg in,
Space yourself on the forty-five
And bring that base-leg in.

Oh the pieces flies and the pieces fell
As I slid into the ground,
And all the while the tower yelled,
"Pull up and go around."

Bury Me Out On The Prairie

Now, I've got no use for the women,
A true one may seldom be found,
They use a man for his money,
When it's gone they'll turn him down.
They're all alike at the bottom,
Selfish and grasping for all,
They'll stay by a man while he's winnin'
And laugh in his face at his fall.

Now my pal was an honest young puncher,
Honest and upright and true,
But he turned to a hard shooting gunman
On account of a gal named lou.
He fell in with evil companions,
The kind that are better off dead,
When a gambler insulted her picture
He filled him full of lead.

All thru the long night they trailed him,
thru mesquite and thick chapparel,
And I couldn't help think of the women,
As I saw him pitch and fall.
If she'd been the pal that she should have
They might have been raisin' a son
Instead of out there on the paririe
To die by the ranger's gun.

O, bury me out on the prairie,
Where the coyotes may howl o'er my grave,
Bury me out on the prairie,
But from them my bones please save.
Wrap me up in my blanket, and bury me deep in the ground.
Of granite cold and round.

So we buried him out on the prairie,
Where the coyotes may howl o'er his grave,
And his soul is now a-restin'
From the unkind cut she gave
And [illegible] young puncher,
As he rides past that pile of stones,
Remembers [illegible] woman
And thinks of his [illegible]ering bones.

By The Light Of The Silvery Moon

By the light of the silvery moon.
I love to spoon.
To my honey I'll croon love's tune;
Honeymoon, Keep on shinin' in June,
Your silvery beams will bring love's
dreams,
We'll be cuddlin' soon,
By the light of the moon.

Casey Jones

Come all you rounders if you want to hear
The story about a brave engineer
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
On a six-eight wheeler, boys he won his fame.

Now the caller called Casey at a half past four,
He kissed his wife at the station door,
He mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hands,
And he took his farewell journey to the promised land.

CHORUS: Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin
Casey Jones, orders in his hand,
Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,
And he took his farewell journey to the promised land

Shovel in your water and shovel in your coal,
Head out the window watch them drivers roll,
He turned to the fireman and he said,
"We're going to reach "Frisco but we'll all be dead."

He looked at his watch and his watch was slow
He looked at the water and the water was low.
He turned to the fireman and he said, "Boy, you better jump,
'Cause there's two locomotives that are going to bump."

CHORUS: Casey Jones, Two locomotives,
Casey Jones, that are going to bump,
Casey Jones, Two locomotives,
Yes, there's two locomotives that are going to bump.

Casey pulled up that Reno Hill,
The sound of that whistle was awful shrill,
The switchmen knew by the engine's moan,
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones,

Casey said just before he died,
There's two more lines he'd like to ride,
The firemen said, "What can they be?"
The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe.

Mrs. Jones sat on the bed a-singin',
Just received the message that Casey was dying.
Said "Go to bed, children, and hush your crying,
'Cause you got another poppa on the Salt Lake Line."

CHORUS: Mrs. Casey Jones, got another Poppa,
Mrs. Casey Jones, on the Salt Lake Line,
Mrs. Casey Jones, got another poppa
Yes, you got another poppa on the Salt Lake Line.

Chicken Song

We fly the Sabre with Fourth Fighter Group
Ask any Lt, he'll give you the poop
We sit in the cockpit and push on a rudder
But when we're in trouble,
We help one anudder.

The MIG is a blight on the whole human race
When you're north of Chinapo, there're found every place
They've got apes for pilots and they're hard to tame
If you're not a hot rock, they'll shoot you down in flames.

Cigarettes And Whiskey

I had some chickens, no eggs would they lay,
I had some chickens, no eggs would they lay,
My wife said, "Honey, It is striking me funny,
There're losing us money, no eggs will they lay."

One day a rooster flew into the yard
And caught those chickens, right off their guard.
Ther're laying eggs now, just like they used to do.
Ever since that rooster flew into our yard.

Cigarettes, Whiskey, And Wild, Wild Women

Once I was happy and had a good wife;
I had enough money to last me for life.
I met a gal and we went on a spree;
She taught me to smoke and to drink whiskey.

CHORUS:

Cigareets and whiskey and wild, wild women,
They'll drive you grazy, they'll drive you insane.
Cigareets and whiskey and wild, wild women,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Cigareets is a blot on the whole human race,
A man is a monky with one in his face.
Here's my definition, believe me, dear brother:
"A fire on one end, a fool on the other."

CHORUS:

Brother repent or they'll write on your grave;
"To women and whiskey here lies a poor slave."
Take warning dear stranger, take warning dear friend;
They'll write in big letters these words at your end.

CHORUS:

#1 Clismas Song

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,
Bull frogs singing in the choir,
Samlars singing Ho, Ho, Ho,
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Geicos clawling acloss the cold bare floor,
Flied lice cooking on the stove,
Tee Lucks kissing neath the mistle toe,
It's Melly Clismas you know

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,
Garlic breath gets in my way,
VC's roasting in an napalm fire.
Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,
Napalm rising at their feet,
I dropped it low, but they went too slow,
Melly Clismas dear Ho.

VC making love near rice paddy,
Tee Lucks eyes are all aglow,
Twenty mike-mikes up his ass,
Tee Luck screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,
Chappie joined him over there,
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,
Over Ubon Rjachtani tonight.....

Cool Water

All day I've faced the barren waste,
Without the taste of water, cool, clear water,
Old Dan and I, our throats so dry,
It's souls that cry for water, cool, clear water.

CHORUS:
Keep a movin' Dan, don't you listen to him Dan,
He's a devil not a man,
And he spreads the burning sands with water,
Dan, can you see that big green tree,
Where the water's flowing free,
And it's waiting there for you and me.

The nights are cool, and I'm a fool,
Each star's a pool of water, cool, clear water,
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn,
And carry on to water, cool clear water.

CHORUS

The shadows sway and seem to say,
Tonight we pray for water, cool, clear water,
And way up there he'll hear our prayer,
And show us where there's water, cool, clear water.

CHORUS

Dan's feet are sore, he's yearning for
Just one thing more than water, cool, clear water.
Like me I guess he'd like to rest
Where there's no quest for water, cool, clear water.

CHORUS

Cowboy Jack

Now Jack was a cowboy,
With heart so kind and true,
He learned to love a maiden,
With eyes of heavenly blue,
They learned to love each other,
And set their wedding day,
But a quarrel came between them,
And Jack, he rode away,

He joined a band of cowboys,
And tried to forget her name,
But out of the lonely prairie,
She waits for him the same.
One day when work was over,
Just at the close of the day,
The boys said, "Sing a song, Jack,
And drive your cares away"

And as he sang this song, boys,
His thoughts then drifted back,
To the girl on the lonely prairie,
Who waits for her cowboy, Jack.
Jack left the camp next morning,
Breathing his sweetheart's name.
"I'll go and ask forgiveness,
For I know that I'm the blame."

But when he reached the prairie,
He found a new-made mound,
And his friends they sadly told him
They'd laid his loved one down,
They said as she was dying,
She breathed her sweetheart's name,
And asked them with her last breath
To tell him when he came.

Your sweetheart awaits for you, Jack,
Your sweethear waits for you
Out on the lonely prairie,
Where the skies are always blue.

Come And Join The Air Force

Come in and join the Air Force, it's a grand place so they say,
You never have to work at all, just fly around all day.
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take the air without a care, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS: On, never mind, no, never mind,
O, come on and join the Air Force,
And you'll never mind.

Come on and get promoted as big as you desire,
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flier,
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS

You're flying o'er the ocean, you hear your engine spit
You see your prop come to a stop, the G-- d--- engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind.
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you'll never mind.

CHORUS

Oh, when you loop and spin her, and with an awful tear,
You'll see your stubby wings fall off, but you will never care.
For in about two minutes, Mac, another pair you'll find.
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS

Oh, then you meet a Fokker, he shoots you down in flames,
Don't waste your time belly achin' and callin' the beggar names.
Just push you stick into the ground, and pretty soon you'll find
There ain't no hell and all is well, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a d---
About the groundings' point of view and all that sort of ham.
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind,
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we'll never mind.

CHORUS

While flying over the jungle, in my P-39
There's just one thing that I would like for you to keep in mind,
I only have one engine jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself, for I will shit and get

CHORUS

Dashing Through The Sky

(Tune: Dashing through the Snow)

Dashing through the sky,
In a foxtrot one-oh five,
Through the flack we fly
Trying to stay alive,
The SAMs destroy our calm,
The MIGs come up to play
What fun it is to strafe and bomb
The T.R.V. today.

CHORUS
CBUs, Mark 82s, 750s too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas'gift to you.

Trying to stay, alive
The SAMs destroy our calm,
The MIGS come up to play
What fun it is to strafe and bomb
The T.R.V. today?

(CHORUS CBUs, Mark 82s, 750 s too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you.

Heads up Ho-Chi-Min
The "Fives are on their way"
Your luck it has give in,
There's gonna be hell to pay,
Today it is our turn,
To make you gawk and stare
What fun it is to watch things burn
And blow up everywhere!!!
(CHORUS)

Downtown

When you got a belly full o' bravo's
and shyspots you can always go --
Downtown.
When you been drinkin' and "cancel"
your're thinkin', you are sure to go -- Downtown.
Listen to the music of the Fan Songs
softly singing
Look and see the contrails of the
MIGs so swiftly winging
Sweat out the booze.
The flak is much blacker there
It shakes up the pilots
It shakes up the bears
To go downtown
Tried flying fast and slow Downtown
Tried flying high and low Downtown
Everything's shooting at youu.

Look and see the airfields with their
runways so inviting
See the interceptors coming up to join the fighting
Get out of here
SAM's are much thicker there
Come up in singles
Come up in pairs - Downtown
Everything's waiting for you.

Just when it seems 100 come quickly,
you can always go -- Downtonw
Somehow the feeling in your stomach gets
sickly when you have to go --Downtown
Crew chiefs launch their aircraft with a
pride and care amazing
Proudly watch the Thunderchiefs, their
afterburners blazing
They're going again
Our buddies are jailed up there
We still remember and we still all care
So we go - Downtown
Til it is o'er and done - Downtown
Til it is through and won - Downtown
Everything's waiting for you.

Dixie

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.
In Dixieland where I was born in
Early on a frosty morning'
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.

CHORUS
Oh, I wish I was in Dixie, Hurrah, Hurrah,
In Dixie land I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter.
Look away..............................
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble
To Dixieland I'm bound to trabble,
Look away..............................
CHORUS

Early Abort

Oh, my name is Rupert Leader, I'm the leader of the group,
Just step into my briefing room; I'll give you all the poop.
I'll tell you where the Lufwaffe is and how to dodge the flak.
I'll be the last one takes off, the first one to get back.
CHORUS
Early abort, avoid the rush;
Early abort, now don't delay.

Now we'll all line up and take off and set our course at 10:00
And when we reach the channel we will all turn back again.
We'll call the tower and get a steer; we don't know where we've bee
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.
CHORUS
Oh, we fly those red-tailed jugs at a hundred bloody feet.
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet.
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north,
And we make our bloody land fall at the fourth of bloody forth.
CHORUS
Oh, we fly those red-tailed jugs at a hundred bloody feet.
We fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet.
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low,
And we hit the barker beacon such an awful bloody blow.
CHORUS
Early abort, avoid the rush.
Early abort, now don't delay.
Oh, ny name is Rupert Leader,
I'm the leader of the group with all the poop

Falsies In Brassieres

There's nothing canbe better than a girl that wears a sweater
Tho she may not be as big as she appears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

Her pullmonary muscles may resemble Janie Russell's
And she'll say she got that way from drinking beer.
They've got an awful lot of falsies on brassieres.

So round--so firm-- and so fully packed
You'll find it's just an act
Give a girl a Bally Bra and she will grow--grown--grown

Now I have made a careful study with the help of my best buddies
And a hundred thousand women volunteers
They've got an awful lot of Falsies in Brassieres.

So fellow fore you wed her, please investigate her sweater
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears
They've got an awful lot of Falsies in Brassieres.

Far Above Cayuga's Waters

Far above Cayuga's waters,
With its waves of blue
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious to view.
CHORUS
Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
Loud her praises tell.
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Hail, all Hail Cornell

Flak Showers

(Tune; April Showers)

Although flak showers may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes
you say
'My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight,
you may
Stay and fight alone!
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day.
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you
see!

For Her Lover Who Was Far, Far Away

Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in December and in the
month of May--Hey Hey,
But when they asked her why the hell
She wore it,
She said 'twas for her lover who was
far, far away.

CHORUS

Far away, far away, oh she wore it
for her lover who was far, far away
Far away, far away, oh, she wore it
for her lover who was far, far away.

Behind the door, her father placed a
shotgun,
It stood there in December and in the
month of May---Hey, hey
But when they asked her why the hell
it stood there,
She said 'twas for her lover who was far,
far away,
...................CHORUS

Frankie And Johnie

Frankie and Johnie were lovers, O my gawd how they did love, they swore to be true to each other, just as true as the stars up above, He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie she was a good woman, just like everyone knows, She'd give a man a hundred dollars just to buy himself a suit, "O my gawd", said Frankie, "But don't my Johnie look cute? He was her man, etc.

Frankie went down to Memphis, she went on the morning train, She paid a hundred dollars, for Johnie a watch and chain, He was her man, etc.

Frankie lived down in a crib-house, crib house with only two doors, gave all her money to Johnie, he spent it on those parlor whores, He was her man, etc.

Frankie went down to the corner, just for a bucket of beer, She said,"Oh, Mr. Bar-tender, has my loving' johnie been here He is my man, and he wouldn't do me wrong".

"I don't want to cause you no trouble, I don't want to tell you no lie, But I saw your lover half an hour ago, With a girl named Nelly Bly, He is your man, But he's doing you wrong."

Frankie went down to the pawn shop, She bought herself a little forty-four, She aimed it at the ceiling and shot a big hole in the floor, Where is my man? He's doing me wrong."

Frankie went down to the Hotel, She rang that Hotel bell, Stand back, all of you chippies, or I'll blow you all to hell, I want my man, He's doing' me wrong."

Frankie looked over the fransom, And there to her great surprise, Yes there on the bed sat Johnie, making love to Nellie Bly, He was her man, etcc.

Frankie threw back her kimona, She took out the little forty-four, Root-a-toot-toot, three times she shot, Right through that hard-wood door, She shot her man, Because he done her wrong.

"Roll me over easy, Roll me over slow Roll me over easy, Boys,
Cause my wounds they hurt me so.
I was her man, and I done her wrong."

"Bring out your rubber-tired carriage, Bring out your rubber tired hack, I'm going to take my man to the cemetary, and I ain't a-goin' to bring him back, He was my man, 'Cause he done me wrong."

Frankie And Johnie Con't

Oh, bring 'round a thousand policemen, Bring 'em around to-day
To lock me in that dungeon, and throw the key away, I shot my man,
"Cause he done me wrong.

Yes, put me in that dungeon, Oh, put me in that cell,
Put me where the northeast wind blows from the southeast corner
of Hell. I shot my man, etc.

Frankie went to his coffin, She looked down on his face,
She said "O Lord, have mercy on me, I wish I could take his
place. He was her man, etc.

Johnie he was a gambler, He gambled for the gain, the very
Last words he ever said were, "High, low Jack, and the game."
He was her man, etc.

Frankie she said to the warden, "What are they goin' to do?"
The warden he said to Frankie, "It's the electric chair for you.
You shot your man, though he done you wrong."

The judge said to the jury, "It's as plain as plain can be.
This woman shot her lover. It's murder in the second degree,
He was her man, etc.

Now it was not murder in the second degree, and was not murder in
The third, This woman simply dropped her man like a hunter drops
his bird. He was her man, etc.

Frankie she sits in the parlor, Underneath the electric fan,
Telling her little grandchildren to beware of the gawdam, man,
He'll do you wrong, Just as sure as you're born."

This story ain't got no moral, This story ain't got no end,
This story only goes to show that there ain't no good in men,
He was her man, and he done her wrong.

For Me And My Gal

The bells are ringing
For me and my gal,
The birds are singing
For me and my gal,
Everybody's been knowin'
To a wedding they're going.
And for weeks they've been sewing
Every Susie and Sal
They're congregating
For me and my gal
The Parson's waiting
For me and my gal.
And someday, we're going to build
A little home for two, or three or four
or more
A loveland, for me and my gal.

Give Me Operations

Don't give me an old Phantom II
That sports not one pilot but two
The guy in the back could just stay in the sack
Don't give me an old Phantom II.

CHORUS: Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I'm too young to die
I just want to grow old.

Don't frag me for Old Tiger Hound
Bad weather, high mountains abound
They don't give you credit, so screw it forget it
Don't frag me for Old Tiger Hound.

CHORUS

And don't frag me for Old Package Six
I'll be in one hell of a fix
The MIGS all come on, when my radar is gone
Don't frag me for Old Package Six

CHORUS

And don't frag me for Silver Dawn West
Your butt doesn't get any rest
You think it won't last, your poor aching ass
Don't frag me for Silver Dawn West.

CHORUS

And don't frag me for Silver Dawn East
I hear its one hell of a beast
Both crew members reek, and you can't take a leak
Don't frag me for Silver Dawn East.

CHORUS

Well I'll take back that Old Phantom II
That sports not one pilot but two
The guy in the front seat, might just sit on his rump
I'll take back an Old Phantom II.

Give My Regards To Broadway

Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square.
Tell all the boys on Forty-second Street
That I will soon be there.
Tell them of how I'm yearning
To mingle with the old-time throung
Give my regards to old Broadway
And say that I'll be there 'ere long.

Good Nite, Irene

CHORUS

Irene, good nite,
Irene, good nite,
Good night, Irene, Good nite, Irene
I'll see you in my dreams.

Last Saturday nite I got married,
Me and my wife settled down,
Now me and my wife are parted,
Gonna take a little stroll down town.

CHORUS

Sometimes I live in the country
Sometimes I live in the town
Some times I take a great notion
To jump in the river and drown.

CHORUS

Stop your rambling,
Stop your gambling,
Stop staying out late at nite
Go home to your wife and family
And stay by the fireside bright.

"Good Old Mountain Dew"

They call it that good old mountain dew-dew-dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll hush up my mug, if you'll fill up my jug,
With some of that good ole mountain dew.

There's an old hollow tree
Down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Then you go round the bend
And when you come back again
Your jug is full of good ole mountain dew.

Now my cousin Nort
He is sawed off short
He only measures bout four foot two
But he thinks he's a giant
When you give him a pint
Of that good ole mountain dew.

My brother, Bill, has a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The buzzards in the sky
Get so drunk they can't fly
Just from smelling that good ole mountain dew.

My ole Aunt June
Bought some brand new perfume
And it had such a sweet smelling phew
But to her surprise
When she had it analyzed
It was nothing but good ole mountain dew.

The preacher passed by
With his wife who had been down with the flu
So I thought that I ort
To give him a snort
Of that good ole mountain dew.

That old 86 really got his kicks
As around that Canuk he flew
Instead of gasoline
In that flying machine
He had a tank of good ole mountain dew.

The flak gets so thick
That it makes you feel sick
When you've been on a rail cut or two
But you'll never abort
If they'll give you a snort
Of that good ole mountain dew.

Green Beret

(Myke Mather)
There he goes' the PIO
Last to know, first to go
100 times he flys the Huey's
Flown by publicity seeking Luey's

Out to battle he must go
Sent by those in the know
He may take a snipers round
And be left upon the ground.

Fighting men may Pass him by
And when they ask, Who was that guy?
I dunno, it's hard to say.
What the hell, Just let him lay.

And when he gets to the golden gate
St. Peter says, You've goofed up mate!
So go to Hell in all your glory,
When you get back, you can do your story.

Guirea Waterfall

Beside a Guinea waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered Mustang a young pursuiter lay,
His parachute hung from a nearby tree; he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words that young pursuiter said.
"I'm going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles and there's poker every night.
There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing,
Where all our crew chiefs are womennnnnnnnnnn.
Oh, death where is they sting.
Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
Oh, death where is thy sting.
The bells of hell will ring ting-a-ling.
For you, but not for me.

Have I Told You Lately That I Love You

Have I told you lately that I love you?
Could I tell you once again somehow?
Have I told you with all my heart and soul how I adore you?
Well, darling, I'm telling you now.

This heart would break in two if you'd refuse me.
I'm no good without you anyhow.
Dear, have I told you lately that I love you?
Well, darling, I'm telling you now.

Have I told you lately that I miss you?
When the stars are shinning in the sky.
Have I told you why the nighss are long when you're not with me?
Well, darling, I'm telling you now.

Have I told you lately when I'm sleeping
Every dream I dream is you somehow
Have I told you who I'd like to share my love forever?
Well, darling, I'm telling you now.

Have You Ever Been Lonely?

Have you ever been lonely
Have you ever been blue
Have you ever loved someone
Just as I love you?
Can't you see that I'm sorry
For each mistake I've made?
Can't you see I've paid.
Be a little forgiving,
Take me back in your heart
How can I go on living
Now that we're apart.
If you knew what I've been through,
Then you know why I ask you
Have you ever been lonely?
Have you ever been blue?

Hello Cam Ranh Tower (Tune: Itazuke Tower)

"Hello Cam Ranh Tower, This is Hammer Forty-One.
My BLC lights glowing: I've just lost PC-1.
The engine's running roughly, the EGT is high,
Can you clear me for a straight-in, this birds about to die!"

"Hammer forty-one this is Cam Ranh Tower here,
We'd like to let you in right now, but a Senator is near.
He's here to please constituents, his plane is close at hand,
So please divert to Tuy Hoa, We can't clear you to land."

"Hello Cam Ranh Tower, this is Hammer forty-one,
I'm turning onto final, hydraulic pressures gone.
The generator's off the line, the RPM just fell,
Please send the Senator around, and tell him "War is Hell".

Hammer forty-one this is Cam Ranh Tower again,
You'll have to keep on circling, regardless of your plan.
I'm sorry bout your problem, but you will have to yield.
We must give the priority, to Senator Mansfield.

"Now LISTEN Cam Ranh Tower I'll lay it on the line,
The situations F________ in terse, we're running out of time.
My fuel low level light is on, the birds about to quit,
So tell that goddam Senator he doesn't count for shit"

"Hammer forty-one QSY to channel four,
You'll have to clear with "Air Patch", I can't do any more."
"Roger Cam Ranh Tower, I'm switching channels now
I'm sure Air Patch will clear me, to land this bird somehow."

"Air Patch, Air Patch, Air Patch, this is Hammer forty-one.
The tower made me check with you, to see what could be done.
I know you'll understand my plight, I've confidence in you,
So clear me onto final, send the Senator on through!"

"Sorry bout that - forty-one, your story breaks our heart.
Had this happened only yesterday, we could have done our part.
You will divert to Tuy Hoa, consider this a must,
For Senator Mike Mansfield would not like all this fuss."

"Roger - Roger Air Patch, I get your message clear,
Situation - understood, the VIP's too near.
We'll nurse this bird to Tuy Hoa, on this you can depend,
We'll keep this airplane flying, until the very end."

"Mayday! Mayday! Crown, this is Hammer forty-one
Our fate is up to you boys now, the home drome let us down.
We can't make it to Tuy Hoa, we'll have to punch out here.
So please alert the Jolly Greens, we hope that help is near!"

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

He Grasped Me By My Slender Neck

Betrayed by the Regular Army.
Cast off by the Signal Corps
Signed up for nine months flying
And stayed on for three years more.

CHORUS.
So stand by your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies.
Here's a toast to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next man to die.

We looped in the purple sunset,
We spun in the silvery dawn,
With a trail of black smoke behind us
To show where our buddies have gone

Echoing through the lonely rafters
Resounding from the walls of [illegible],
You can hear the tears and laughter
Of the [illegible] for they really are there

Here's To The Next Man To Die

He grasped me by my slender neck
I could not yell or scream
He took me to his dingy room
Where he could not be seen
He tore off all my flimsy wraps
And gazed upon my form
I was so very cold and damp
And he so hot and warm
He pressed me to his eager lips
I could not make him stop
He drained me of my very life
To my very last drop
He made me what I am today
That's why you see me here
A broken bottle thrown away
That once was full of beer.

Hog Driver

Hog Driver, mushing thru the sky
Oh what a dashing guy am I
Than my fighter all the lighter
Wherever she's going, she's going there slow.

Hog Driver, while she howls and moans
I often wish upon a star
That someday there'll be an F-4C, just waiting for me
And then I'll never be a hog driver again.

Home On The Range

Oh, give me a home where buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
CHORUS
Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are Bright
With the light of the filtering stars,
Have I stood there amazed,
And asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.
CHORUS

I Heard A Crash On The Highway

Who did you say it was, Brother?
Who was it fell by the way?
When whiskey and blood mixed together,
Did you hear anyone pray?

CHORUS: I didn't hear nobody pray, dear Brother,
I didn't hear nobody pray.
I heard a crash on the highway
But I didn't hear nobody pray.

When I heard a crash on the highway
I knew what it was from the start.
I went to the scene of destruction,
And the picture was stamped on my heart

There was whiskey and blood mixed together
Mixed with glass where they lay
Death played her hand in destruction
But I didn't hear nobody pray.

I wish I could change this sad story
That I am now telling you,
But there's no way I can change it,
For somebody's life is now through.

The roll has been called by the Master
They died in a crash on the way.
I heard the groans of the dying
But I didn't hear nobody pray.

If You Fly

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blew up yesterday
G.E. ain't here to stay.

If you fly an Eighty-nine
You must be deaf, dumb and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime,
What's your scheduled blow up time?

If you fly a ninety-four
You will never holler no more,
For your lot we do not pine
It's better than an Eighty-nine.

CHORUS:

If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks
Bounching those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 101
Tell yourself its' really fun
One day it will pitch up with you
And you will wish you never flew

CHORUS:

If you fly a 102
Don't go up unless its blue
For if you feel one drop of rain
You'll be in pieces not a plane.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 104
The whole world flocks to your door
Range is short, the wings don't last
But golly it sure does fly fast

CHORUS:

If you fly a Thunderchief
You will soon shake like a leaf
Flying it may make you sick
It handles like a great big brick

I Want To Play Piano

I want to play piano in a whorehouse
That is my one desire
Some may be bankers, or ranchers out in Butte
I just want to play in a house of ill repute
IYou may laugh at this my humble advocation
But carnal copulation's here to stay
I don't want fames or riches
I just want to play for those old bitches
I want to play piano in a whorehouse.

If You Fly

CHORUS:

If you fly a Phantom Two
You're flying days will soon be through
It flies at twice the speed of sound
If you can get it off the ground

CHORUS:

If You Fly

If you fly in Eighty-nine
You must be deaf, dumb and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime,
What's your scheduled blow-up time?
CHORUS
Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blew up yesterday
Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly a ninety-four
You will never holler more,
For your lot we do not pine
It's better than an Eighty-nine
CHORUS
If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys
CHORUS
If you fly a 1-2-4
You will find it quite a bore,
It flies like an old barn door
And it makes your fanny sore.

CHORUS
Did you go OUCH today?
Did you go OUCH today?
Fourteen hours yesterday
What a way to earn your pay

If You've Got The Money, I've Got The Time

If you've got the money, I've got the time
We'll go honky-tonking and we'll have a time.

We'll make all the night spots
We'll do them up fine.
If you've got the money, honey,
I've got the time.

There ain't no use to tarry,
So let's start out tonight,
We'll spread joy, oh boy, oh boy,
And we'll spread it right,
We;ll have more fun baby,
All the way down the line.
If you've got the money, honey,
I've got the time.

If you've got the money,
I've got the time
We'll go honky-tonkin'
And we'll have a time
Bring along your Cadillac
Leave my ole wreck behind.
If you've got the money, honey
I've got the time.
Yes, we'll go honky-tonkin'
Make every club in town.
We'll go to the park where it's dark
We won't fool around.
But if you run short of money,
I'll run short of time,
'Cause you with no money, honey
I've no more time.

In The Evening By The Moonlight

In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those banjos ringing,
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen
When they sang in the evening,
By the moonlight

In-Flight Refueling

Tune: Strawberry Roan

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn c
A story of tankers and a flight out to sea
And I hate to tell you what they did to me

Oh we took off for Brown, oh so early one morn
The weather was balmy, but not really warm
We soon left the coast line, and headed to sea
And for the last time land I did see.

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore
And we finally got to that far from land
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand.

But yes, you have guessed it, no one was there
Nothing around, but ocean and air,
We called and we called, but it was in vain
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane.

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas,
The pain was beginning to leave my ass,
T'was beginning to pucker, and turn a dull hue
When finally a tanker came into view.

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch,
We just latched onto, that son of a bitch
Who ho, called the scanner, "It's under your wing,
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work,
I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk,
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow,
As I looked at the cold water down there below.

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled
And I though to myself, I'll soon be killed
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool.

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose
The engineer said, "Sir, you're taking on fuel".
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool.

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas,
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin,
"You know there are days, sir, when you just can't win".

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say,
That old F-105 lies out in the bay,
But I'll have my vengence, you can bet you life,
Cause there's one tanker pilot, that I'm going to knife.

I'm Just Driftwood On The River

I'm just driftwood on the river floating down the tide,
I don't care where this old river carries me,
I keep drifting just because my heart is broken inside,
And I'm tired of wishing for what cannot be.
I may meet some bit of driftwood lost the same as I,
Share a handshake and a tender tear or two;
But it's always, "Good luck, pal"
"We've got to say goodbye."
I must wander on to keep my rendezvous
Though I drift through town and city
I can never stay.
For I find no place to call my home, sweet home.
I don't ask for help or pity,
I just go my way.
All I'm praying for is peace to dream along.
I'm just driftwood on the river and I'm drifting on
Till this weary river meets the deep blue sea
Where the deep blue sea may help me to forget someone.
Yes, the careless one who has forgotten me.
In my heart I don't feel bitter over what has been
I feel sorry for the one I must forget.
And instead of being someone with a world to win,
I'm just driftwood on the river of regret.

Itazuke Ort

(Tune: When You Wore a Tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a
Mustang,
In the Itazuke ORT,
Other pilots went to briefing
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping,
Hotter stones you'll never see.
We were hotter than tabasco when Group
pulled each fiasco
We excelled in proficiency.
When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a
Mustang,
In the Itazuke ORT!

It's Hard For Me To Be A Bad Girl

It's hard for me to be a bad girl,
As it is for some to be gcod,
It's hard for me to be a bad girl,
I really would if I could,
Now I'd like some body to take me,
In the park for a hug and a kiss
(Give me a little kiss.)
But how can I ever be a bad girl
With a Goddamn face like this?

I've Got Fortunes In Memories

CHORUS
I've got fortunes in memories of your walk, your talk, your smile.
I've got treasures of heartaches and some old dreams out of style.
I've got bundles of broken vows collected through the years;
I've got fortunes in memories, and they all were bought with tears.

All my life I've been in love with you, and now your gone;
All I own is memories of you that linger on.
In some ways you left me nothing but the loser's share.
In some ways I guess I am a sort of millionaire.

CHORUS

Take the pretty little lies you told me, one by one;
Take the careless cruel things, the sweet things you have done.
Count them all as lost, and they are more than I can bear;
Count them all as memories, and I am a millionaire.

I've Got Six-Pence

I've got six-pence, jolly jolly six pence
I've got six-pence, to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I go grieve me
No pretty girls to deceive me
I'm happy as a lark believe me
As we go rolling home.

Rolling home, Rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets it pay
As we go rolling rolling home.

Jet Pilots In The Skies

(GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY)

An Eighty-Six got airborne one dark and windy day
And as he raised his landing gear you could hear the pilot pray
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound
Don't let that fire go out dear Lord, 'Till I am on the ground

Yippi K Ya Yippi I Yo-oo-oo
Jet pilots in the sky.

These Flying Friends are here to stay they say they are very mean
And you all know we're famous since 1917
Though we may work on holidays and week-ends just the same
Those Pukin' Pups make history, oh bless that famous name

Yippi I Ya Yippa I Yo-oo-oo
Jet Pilots in the sky.

And as our Eighty-Sixes leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame
The pilots all may go through hell, but they flyin'em just the same
The crew chief'll work forever, to keep them flyin' high
And watch with satisfaction as their planes go screaming by

Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-oo-oo
Jet Pilots in the sky.

Day and night our pilots fly, to live up to their name
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on the same
They are going to fly forever in that range up there on high
They cuss and cry, live or die - Jet pilots in the skies.

Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-oo-oo
Jet Pilots in the sky.

Just Because

Oh, just because you think you're so
pretty,
Oh, just because you think you're so hot
Just because you think you've got
something
What nobody else ain't got.
Well, just because you spend all my
Money
And, Honey, you call me "Ole Santa Claus"
Baby, I'm telling you
Honey, I'm through with you
Because, just because.

"John Black, The Red-Nose Colonel"

(Tune: "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer)

He's John Black the Red Faced Colonel,
He has a supersonic nose,
He got him a Super-Saber
And tried to see how fast it goes.
All of the junior pilots,
Looked at him in open awe.
Then that speedy super sabre
Started a field-grade yaw.
You should have seen him as he did the famous dumbell skip.
He's the only Colonel you will find,
With the funsite branded on his hip.

You should have seen the tech reps,
Drawing slide rules on the run.
Calling up Kindleberger,
"He did it - (But it can't be done)."
Then came a bloody signal
From "Experts" up in TAC on high
"Sorry, Colonel Supersonic,
The F-100 just can't fly"

And when they gave sad word out,
That weatherd cheek was damp.
That slick Mach Buster Moustache
Looked as though it swept the ramp.

All the other Wing Commanders
Used to laugh and call him names.
They never let our Colonel
Join in any flying games.

Then one sunny springtime noon
Uncle did say;
Colonel with your ramp so clean,
Come and get your machine.
Now the other Wing Commanders
Brief their pilots with a sign.
"When you look for Colonel John Black,
Look at Six O'Clock - and high"

Just A Good Old Rebel

I'm just a good old rebel,
That's exactly what I am.
For this fair land of freedom,
I do not give a damn.
I helped to fight against 'em
I only wish we'd won,
But I don't want no pardon,
For nothin' that I done.

I followed Ol' Marse Robert
For four years high about,
Got wounded in two places
And starved at Point Lookout.
I catched the rheumatism,
A trooping in the snow,
But I killed a chancin' Yankee
And I wish I'd killed some more'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Lie asleep in southern dust,
We killed three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us.
They died of southern fever
The southern she'll and snock
Oh, I wish we'd killed three million
Instead of what we got

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em no more
But I ant a'goin' love 'em and
That is something sure.
And I don't want no pardon
For what I was or am,
I won't be reconstructed,
And I don't give a damn.

I hates the constitution,
This great Republic, Too,
I hates the Freedman's Bureau,
The uniform of the blue.
I hates the dirty eagle
With all his brag and fuss,
But the lying' thievin' Yankees,
I hates them wuss and wuss.

Just Give Me Operations

CHORUS

Just give me Operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to [illegible]
I just want to go home

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter rotate,
They'll loop roll and spin, but they'll soon auger in,
Don't give me a P-38!

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig a deep hole,
Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk
It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow,
Don't give me a curtiss warhawk!

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me an F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out
Don't give me an F-Shooting Star!

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more
They bombed in the crate, but they all pulled out late,
Don't give me an F-84!

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken [illegible] sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86!

Don't give me an F 89 though "Time" says [illegible] will climb,
They're all in the states, all [illegible]
Don't give me an F-89!

Don't give me an F [illegible]
It may fly in weather but [illegible]
Don't give me an F-[illegible]

Just give me an old 51, [illegible] done
It's tried and it's true, and will take [illegible]
Just give me an old 51.

FINAL CHORUS: Just give me [illegible]
For defending democracy, [illegible]
For I am too young to [illegible]
I just want to go home

Kentucky Babe

Skeeters am a-humming' on the honey-
Suckle vines; sleep kentucky babe
Sandman am a-calling to this little
coon o'mine; sleep Kentucky Babe.
Silvery moon am shinning in the heavens up above
Bobolink am calling to his little lady love,
You is mighty lucky, Babe of ol,
Keytuck--Close your eyes and sleep.
CHORUS
Fly away, (bass) fly away--
Fly away Kentucky Babe
Fly away to rest
Fly away, (bass) fly away--
Rest your weary, curly head
On your mammy's breast (hum 8 counts)
Close your eyes in sleep

Kuni-Ri And Antung

(Tune: Cigarettes and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a good deal
Flow Fox 86's at old Victorville
They asked for a volunteer, said "I'll take you"
Then the next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu!

CHORUS:
Kuni-ri and Antung, and Wild, Wild Pyong-yang
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane!

We go down to briefing while it is still night
We lift off the runway before it is light
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Ualu, There's cons overhead
We think of the sheels who are snug in their beds
We drop our big tips and we break to the right
"Josie" we cry with all of our might!

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup
We swear that the leader is doing a loop
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2
Be careful or Willy will write about you!

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to jam it - my --- is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a wing job - a desk and a chair!

Keep The Home Fires Burning

Keep the home fires burning,
While dear hearts are yearning,
Though the lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining,
Thru the dark clouds shining.
Turn the dark clouds inside out,
Till the boys come home.

Lament of The Reservist

(Tune: Cigarettes and Whiskey)

I was a civilian and flew one weekend
No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends
But I am a retread and older I grow
Now I fly a Mustang, it's old and it's slow.

CHORUS:
Sinuiju and Anak, Sinanju and Sinmak
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties, and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy
They'll drive you insane!

Oh, once I was happy and I flew a jet
At 35,000 how fat can you get?
They sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train
They gave me a Mustang, it's no aero-plane

We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air
Then off to Korea, we're fouled up for fair
We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop!

I flew my first mission and it was a snap
Just follow the leader, don't look at a map
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep at night!

Went up to MIG Alley, S-2 said no sweat
If I had not looked around, I'd be up there yet
Six MIGS jumped our --- and the leader yelled brea
Sixty-one and 3000, how my knees did shake!

If I live through a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to shove it, my --- is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair!

Let's Have A Party

Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
So let's have a party.

We're gonna tear down the bar in our town	BOO
And then build a new bar	RAY
It's only gonna be one foot wide	BOO
But it'll be a MILE long.	RAY
There'll be no bartenders in our bar	BOO
We're gonna have barmaids.	RAY
Our barmaids will wear long skirts	BOO
And no BLOUSES	RAY
You can't take our barmaids home	BOO
They'll take YOU home	RAY
You can't sleet with our barmaids	BOO
They WON'T let you sleep.	RAY
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass	BOO
WHISKEY free	RAY
Only one to a customer	BOO
Served in BUCKETS	RAY
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	BOO
Then we'll all go SWIMMING	RAY
No girls allowed above the first floor	BOO
With their CLOTHES ON	RAY
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	BOO
And there'll be no DANCING ON THE LOVING FLOOR	RAY

Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY! ! ! !

Let's Say Goodbye Like We Said Hello

Let's say goodbye like we said hello
In a friendly kind of way.
There's something wrong,
Your love is gone
I've no reason now to stay.
We live and love,
We meet and part,
And broken hearts must pay.
Let's say goodbye
Like we said hello,
In a friendly kind of way.

Your love, sweetheart,
I don't forget,
You're always on my mind
You're all the happiness I knew,
So thoughtful, sweet and kind,
For old time's sake
I'm asking you
To think of me someday.
Let's say goodbye
Like we said hello,
In a friendly kind of way.

I wish you happiness, sweetheart,
In everything you do,
May good luck always come your way
And every dream come true.
I'll remember you and the love we knew
The love of yesterday
Let's say goodbye
Like we said hello,
In a friendly kind of way.

If I should meet some other, dear
And learn to love them too,
I hope and pray somehow, sweetheart,
They'll make me think of you.
A tender smile, an old love song,
A heart so light and gay,
Let's say goodbye,
Like we said hello
In a friendly kind of way.

Lilly From Piccadilly

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town.
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down.
I've never seen suck darkness; the night was black as pitch,
When, suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

CHORUS:
Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly
You know the one I mean, the one I mean.
I'll spend each payday, that's may hey, hey, day
With Lilly, my blackout queen, da, da, da, da, da, da, da,

Oh, I couldn't see her figure; I couldn't see her face,
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her any place.
I couldn't tell if she were blonde, or a dark brunnette,
But, gosh, O gee, did she give me a thrill I won't forget.

CHORUS

She said to me, Oh Yankee, boy, are ya lonesome, are ya blue?
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what to do.
We went up some dark alley; I said, "I love you Kid."
She said "Okay, but first you pay," so I gave her twenty quid.

CHORUS

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed.
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice.
Why, what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price.

CHORUS

It was a few days later, I began to feel so queer.
And when I went on sick call, the Doc said "It's quite clear
You've had some love Commando Style. Come, son, now don't be shy.
You're not to blame, tell me her name. "So I answered with a sigh.

CHORUS

And when my sons ask me "Please tell me, Daddy, Dear
What did you do to win the war?" I'll answer with a smeer,
"Your Daddy was a hero, his best he always fought
With bravery he gave to commandos his support."

Lili Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait,
She waits for the boy who marched away
And though he's gone she hears him say
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
For this is the place a vow was made
And breezes sing her serenade.
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.
Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
And there in the lamp light it is said
A halo shines above her head
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
And as they go marching to the fray
The soldiers all salute and say·
We'll tell him you've been true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

Long Long Trail

There's a long, long trail a 'wunding,
Into the land of my dreams.
Where the nightengale is singing.
And the white moon beams,
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you

Mig 15

(Tune: I T'ought I Taw a Putty Cat)

I t'ought I taw a MIG 15
A'tweeping up on me
I did, I did, I taw him
As big as he could be!

I am that great big MIG 15
Ivan is my name
And if I catch that '84
I'll shoot him down in flame!

Minnie The Mermaid

Many's the night I spent with Minnie
the Mermaid.
Down at the bottom of the sea,
She lost her morals, down amoung the
corals,
Gee, but she was nice to me;
Many's the night with the pale moon
shining, down in her bungalow,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Two twin beds and only one of them mussed,
Oh, you can easily see, she's not my sister
'Cause I never show my sister such
a helluva good time.
Oh, you can easily see she's not my
sweetie,
'Cause my sweetie's too refined.
She's just a wonderful kid,
Who never knew what she did,
She's fust a personal friend of mine.

Moonshine

(Tune: You are my Sunshine)

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine,
You guide my fighters
When skies are grey
I chase your bogies from here to Moji
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day boys, as I was flying,
I heard Moonshine Controller say:
"I've got a bogie down by Kurume,
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope.
I flew to Moji - and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You are my Moonshine, my only Moonshine
How could you let me down this way?
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'
Won't you take that Moonshine away?

"Moving On"

Oh, listen to the patter of their tennis shod feet.
It's the 9th ROK Division in full retreat.
CHORUS
They're a movin' on, they'll soon be gone.
Ten thousand wan for Mamma San
They're a movin' on.

A thousand Gooks movin' thru the pass.
Playin' the Burp gun Boogie on the Captain's ass.
CHORUS
A little ole Gook with a Southern drawl.
Said, "Come on boys, itiwa you all".
CHORUS
The ole hound dog was feeling' fine
Till he jumped in a barrell of turpentine
CHORUS
He's movin' on he'll soon be gone
He crashed the gate like a P-38
And he's a movin' on.
The old Head Cat was feeling mean
Then he caught his tail in a sewing machine
CHORUS
He missed a stitch when he hit the ditch
But he's movin' on.

My Gal Sal

They called her frivolous Sal,
A peculiar sort of a gal,
With a heart that was mellow,
And all round good fekkiwm was my old pal;
Your sorrows, troubles, and cares,
She was always willing to share,
A wild sort of devil,
But dead on the level, was my Gal Sal.

My God How The Money Rolls In

(My Bonny Ties Over the Ocean)

My Father makes rum in the bathtub
My Mother makes two kinds of gin
My Sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS
Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God how the money rolls in.
REPEAT CHORUS

My Father died in his bathtub
My Mother she died for her gin.
My sister married my brother
My God, what a mess I am in.
REPEAT CHORUS

My Wild Irish Rose

My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

Napalm

(Tone: The Good Ship Titanic)

It was up by Sopcri where the Yalu meets the sea
I was out on a recce to see what I could see,
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS
It was sad, oh, it was sad,
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when my napalm went down!

It was up by Kuniri where I won my DFC
I was out on a recce to see what I could see,
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS
It was sad, oh, it was sad.
It was sad when those rockets went down (hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell,
When those rockets hit the bell,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Sinanju when I knew that I was through
The 50's and 40's had shot my turbine through.
It was when I hit the silk - oh, my God, I strained my milk!
It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS
It was sad, oh, it was sad,
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when that pilot went down.

Oh, La La

Oh, come hear my story
I'll tell it to you
My heart is all broken
I'm sad and I'm blue.
I just lost my darling,
Her name was La La,
As pretty as a picture,
And, oh, twice as fair.

CHORUS

Hi, La La, Oh, La La,
My true La La,
Hi, La La, Oh, La La.
My true La La.

A grave on the hillside
All covered with snow
A heart broken lover
With head bending low.
With tears in his eyes
He placed a red rose
On the grave of his darling
Up there in the snow.

CHORUS

Oh, God up in Heaven
Please tell her for me
My hopes are all shattered
Oh, say can't you see
Just tell her I'm waiting
To meet her up there
I'll look at her picture
And send her a prayer.

CHORUS

Oh Little Town Of Ho-Chi-Min

Oh little town of He-Chi-Min
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA-2s
You think the "Fives" won't fly
Yet through the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs,
Too late for fear, the end is near.
How about that TBC???

Old Smokey

Flying over old Cam Ranh
Enroute to the North,
My hands got so shakey
From the thoughts that came forth.

The sun was bright shining
The sky it was clear,
But my heart it did falter
I was frozen with fear.

As we crossed the border
I thought I would die!
But my fearless commander
Oh how well he did fly.

With this inspiration,
What more could I do?
I screwed up my courage
And pressed on anew.

We started our bomb run
The sights I did set.
We rippled our bombs off,
Then wiped off the sweat.

We turned toward the tonkin
With the engines full bore,
She really was smokin'
Like a two dollar whore.

When once past the coastline,
With a sigh of relief,
We'd gotten the job done
Just as it had been briefed.

This mission accomplished
So important to me
They're sure to award us
Our first DFC.

I'm an outstanding airman
This story is true.
For I'm a co-pilot
On a B-52!

On Moonlight Bay

We were sailing along on moonlight bay
You could here the darkies singing,
They seemed to say,
You have stolen my heart,
Now don't go away,
As they sang love's sweet song,
On Moonlight Bay.

On Top Of Old Fuji

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow
I lost my jet pilot from flying so low
He put on an air show, he did it for me
At altitude zero he clobbered a tree
With throttle wide open he made his last pass
On top of old Fuji he busted his -------

On Top Of The Pop Up

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back,
I lost my poor wingman
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead,
Until we rolled in
And looked up ahead

The sky filled with fireballs,
The missiles flashed by
Sweet Mother of Jesus,
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit
I'm going to bust"
Not one Goddamned Elint
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots
And listen to Dad,
Forget about jinking
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,
Their flak reaches for,
It's a long walk to Takhli,
And a beer at the bar.

On Top Of Old Pyongyang

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Pyongyang
All covered with flak
I lost my poor wing man
He'll never get back.

For flying is a pleasure
And dying a grief,
And a quick-triggered Commie
Is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick-triggered Commie
Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not a Commie in a thousand
Can an old Mustang trust.

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
All day we can hear this
This horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures
Then give us some more,
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more.

Now listen you trainees
You can't fight the Group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop

Now the moral of this story
Is easy to see
Don't go to Sinanju
Or old Kunuri

On Top Of Old Smokey

On top of old Smokey,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover,
Come a'courtin' too slow

A-courtin's a pleasure
An' flirtin's a grief,
A false-hearted lover,
Is worse than a thief,

For a thief he will rob you,
And take what you have,
But a false-hearted lover,
Will send you to the grave.

She'll hug you and kiss you
And tell you more lies,
Than cross ties on the railroad
Or stars on the sky.

On top of old Smokey,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover,
Come a-courtin' ..... too slow.

-Once They Were Happy

(Tune: Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease,
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's
But, alas, boys, their wings have been clipped!

One day they approached Itazuke
Jet leader called echelon right
Mustangs at nine o'clock level,
Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight!

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right
I think they see us, says Jet Four in fright
They're all pullin' streamers, says Jet Number Three
Let's go home, this is no place to be!

But the Mustangs has sighted the Bogies,
They pulled through the top of a loop,
They dove on the trembling F-80's
My God, they have scrambled the Goooooop!

The Jets headed home at a hundred percent,
In fact, Number Four had the throttle stop bend
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went
Never to bounce any more!

One Hundred Missions

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.
One hundred missions we have flow, Aha, Aha.
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count,
But now one half or more don't count,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay,
And then the bastards took it away.
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
The Weasels fly around alone,
With half a flight they head for home,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak,
One half or more won't make it back,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return Alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return aliver,
Who flew the bloody 105,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

O'riley's Bar

Twas a cold winter evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'Riley was closing the bar;
When he turned and he said to the lady in red:
"Get out, you can't stay where you are".

Now she shed a big tear in the bucket of beer
As she though of the cold night ahead;
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the phone booth
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Air Force men
And how they come and go.
Life has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar.
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar.

Our Leaders

(Tune: Manana)

At Phillips Range in Kansas
The jocks all had the knack
But now that we're in combat
We got Colonels on our back
And every time we say "Shit Hot"
or whistle in the bar
We have to answer to somebody
Looking for a star.

(CHORUS)
Our leaders, Our leaders,
Our leaders is what they always say,
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bulshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one
And the jocks were scared as Hell.
They ran to meet us with a beer
and tell us we were swell,
But Recce took the B.D.A.,
And said we missed a hair.
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell
From the Wheels at Second Air
(CHORUS)

They send us out in bunches
To bomb a bridge and die
These tactics are for bombers
That our leaders used to fly.
The bastards don't trust our Colonel up
in Wing, and so I guess,
We have to leave the thinking to
The Wheels in J.C.S.!

(CHORUS)

The J.C.S. are generals
And they're not always right.
Somtimes they have to think it over
Well into the night.
When they have a question
Or something they can't hack,
They have to leave the judgment to
That money saving Mac!

(CHORUS)
Now Mac's job is in danger
For he's on salary too.
To be the final say so
Is something he can't do
Before we fly the mission
And everything O.K.
He has to get permission form
Flight Leader L.B.J!!

Over There

Over there, over there,
Send the word, sent the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-drumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word, to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't be back 'till it's over,
Over there.

Pack Up Your Troubles

Pack up your troubles in your old kit
bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a lucifer to light
your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What the use of worrying,
It never was worth while,
So----pack up your troubles in your old
kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile,

Parties, Banquets And Balls

(Tune: Take me out to the Ball Game)

Parties, banquets, and balls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls
As president Hoover once said before,
The only way we can stay out of war
Is to have more parties and banquets
Parties, banquets and balls
For it's parties and banquets and Banquets and parties and BALLS, BALLS, BALLS.

Philadelphia Lawyer

Way out in Reno, Nevada
Where romance blooms and fades,
A great Philadelphia lawyer
Was in love with a Hollywood maid.

Come love and we will wander
Outwhere the lights are bright
I'll win you a divorce from you husband
And we can get married tonight.

Now Bill was a gun-toting cowboy
Ten notches were carved on his gun
And all the boys around Reno
Left Wild Bill's maiden alone.

One night when he was returning
From riding the range in the cold.
He dreamed of his Hollywood Sweetheart
Her love was lasting as gold.

As he drew near her window
A shadow he saw on the shade.
'Twas the great Philadelphia lawyer
Making love to his Hollywood maid.

The night was as still as the desert
The moon was bright overhead,
Bill listened awhile to the lawyer
He could hear every word that he said.

"Your hands are so pretty and lovely,
Your form so rare and divine,
Come go with me to the city,
And leave this wild cowboy behind.

Now back in old Pennsylvania
Among the beautiful pines,
There's one less Philadelphia lawyer
In old Philadelphia tonight.

Paddy Murphy

The night that Paddy Murphy died
I never shall forget
The whole bloomed town got stinking drunk
And some arn't sober yet.

The only thing they did that night
That filled my heart with fear
They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it on the beer.

That's how they showed him their sorrow and their pride
That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
Respect for Paddy Murphy on the night that Paddy died.

Pilot's Plea

(Tune: Take me Out to the Ballgame)
Leap me up to the hassle,
Blast me off with the crowd.
Give me some petrol, a century true;
Oil, and oxygen, parachute, too.

And please remember the name, Sir.
Early flight: It will do.
If it's 2, 4, or element lead,
I'm the man for you.

Pop Goes The Weasel

Around and around the SAM site
The missile chased the Weasel,
The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped,
Pop goes the weasel.

Willey Peter showed uswhere
to roll in to displease'em.
One more pass with HEI,
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,
Did more than just tease'em,
The Russian Techs got all pissed off
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites,
We grab their balls and squeeze'em
They show their ass, we shoot it off,
Pop goes the Weasel.

Prisoner's Song

Oh, I wish I had someone to love me,
Someone to call me their own;
Oh, I wish I had someone to live with,
'Cause I'm tired of living along.

So please meet me tonight in the
moonlight,
Oh, please meet me tonight all alone,
For I have a sad story to tell you,
It's a story that's never been known.

I'll be carried to that new jail to-
morrow,
Leaving my poor darling alone;
With the cold prison walls all around
me,
And my head on a pillow of stone.

Oh, if I had the wings of an angel,
Over these prison walls I would fly,
And I'd fly to the arms of my poor
darling,
And there I'd be willing to die.

Ragged But Right

I just called up to tell you, that I'm ragged but right,
I'm a thief and a gambling woman, drunk every night.
I eat a porterhouse steak three times a day for my board,
That's more than any self-respecting girl can afford;
I've got a big handsome man to play around at my feet,
A big electric fan to keep me cool in the heat;
For I'm a rambling woman, a gambling woman, and Lord, am I tight,
I just called up to tell you that I'm ragged but right.

Oh, we may be brown skinned lassies, boys, but what do we care,
We've got those well built chassies and that do or die air;
We've got the hips that sank the ships of England, Spain and Peru,
And if you're like Napoleon, it's your waterloo,
We'll take an hour's intermission in your Ford V-8
Like to make it longer but I've got a late date;
Our motto's "Gone with the wind", so come on breeze it tonight.
I just called up to tell you that I'm ragged but right.

Rail Cutter

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill, to cut
That streak of railroad track
But I'm afraid that all I did
Was dodge that flying flak
I know that one is all it takes
To blow my --- apart
Why can't I get just one rail cut
And melt your cold, cold heart?

Reccy To Berlin

It's a long, hard road on a reccy to Berlin,
And the flak was bursting high,
And the P-47's and the P-51's,
They were guarding us high in the sky.

We were half way between Lake Dummer and Hamburg
When all hell broke loose in the blue,
"Cause the Jerry's had spotted us from five o'clock under
And they came up to see what they could do.

Now the first pass was made on the 462nd
Colonel Showers was in the lead.
Oh, he mopped and he mopped and he mopped and he mopped,
'Cause he thought he would never get home.

So the Colonel he called to his brave Navigator,
Said, "Give me a heading home",
But the navigator with his hand on the ripcord
Said, "Hey, boy, you're boing home alone".

So the Colonel he called to his brave Bombardier,
Said, "Give me a heading home",
But the Bombardier had already parted,
There was silence on the ship's interphone.

So at twenty-two thousand he chewed on his candy,
And he mopped, mopped, mopped, mopped, mopped.
Oh, he mopped and mopped and he mopped and he mopped,
'Cause he thought he would never get home.

So, with four engines feathered he glided into safety
At the runway of his home base,
And it's with great pride that he tells this story
with a mop-eatin' grin on his face.....mop, mop!

Red Nose Migs

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight
Oh, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
And they want to fight.
Let's hurry, hurry home
Oh, won't you hurry, hurry home?
Oh, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight!

Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and bright smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine,
That has brightened my life for a while.

CHORUS:
Come and sit by my side, little darling,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the cowboy who loved you so true.

Do you think of this valley you're leaving,
Of you're parents so kind and so true,
Do you think of the kind hearts you are breaking,
And the cowboy who loves you so true.
. . . . . CHORUS

Republic's Ultra Hog

Tune: Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the BAC-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy summer day,
As we pitched up on the target you could hear all the
gunners say,
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really quite a dog,
She's known around the country as Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will always smell,
He'll always be remembered down in Fighter Pilots Hell,
He frags all the targets and sends us out to die,
He sends us into combat in Republic's 105

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the BAC-9 and the trees,
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog!!!

Roger Young

Oh, they've got no use for glory in
the Infantry,
Nor no use or time for praises loudly
sung.
But in every soldier's heart in the
Infantry,
Shines the name, shines the name of
Roger Young.

CHORUS

Sines the name, Roger Young,
Fought and died with the men he
marched among,
To the everlasting glory of the
Infantry,
Lives the story of Private Roger Young.

On the island of New Georgia in the
Solomons,'
Lies a simple wooden cross where he
fell,
Underneath the island of corals in
the Solomons,
Sleeps a man, sleeps a man remembered
well.

. . . . . . .CHORUS

Roll Your Leg Over

If all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And if I were a whale I'd teach them the motion.
CHORUS
Roll your leg over - oh roll your leg over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

If all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee
And I were her G-String oh boy what I'd see (CHORUS)

If all little girls were like little white flowers
And I were a bee I'd buzz 'em for hours (CHORUS)

If all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram, I'd make 'em run faster. (CHORUS)

If all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor, I would if I could (CHORUS)

If all little girls were fust little vixins
And I were a fox, oh, boy would I fix 'em (CHORUS)

If all little girls were like little white chickens
And I were a rooster, I'd buzz 'em all over. (CHORUS)

If all little girls were like bells in a tower
And I were a clapper, I'd bang 'em for hours. (CHORUS

Rolling Down The Runway

Rolling down the runway at ninety-eight percent,
The Colonel cut his throttle,
My God, I was Hell bent.
I pulled off to the left,
And bounced into the boon docks,
Glory, Glory Halleluja, what a bunch of "Rocks".

CHORUS
Oh, Halleluja, Oh, Halleluja.
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's life.
Oh, Halleluja, Oh, Halleluja,
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

I threw my throttle forward
Up to a hundred and one,
I bounced off the runway, it shore as hell wern't fun.
I pulled back on the stick and ricocheted some more.
Glory, Glory, what a "goat" even at full bore.

I then pulled up my gear,
The cockpit filled with smoke,
My wingman passed me by,
My God, it was no joke,
He then looked me all over,

And saw a great long tear.
Glory, Glory Halleluja, how did that get there.

I then came in for landing
Just after it started to rain,
And there sat Flying Safety with a gosh-darn ball and chain,
They sent me before the board,
And gave me the works,
Glory, Glory Halleluja, what a bunch of jerks.

Safe Hand Mail

(Tune: Wreck of the Old '97)
They gave him his orders at old Itazuke
Saying: "Bill, you're way behind time,
Take this safe hand mail in your war-weary eighty
And put 'er in Nagoya on time."

Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy crew chief
"Is my spam can ready to roll"?
Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle
And I'll call Camel Control.

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nagoya
But Bill was a guage pilot bold
It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyros
And his eighty did three snap rolls.

He came roarin' down the bottom doin' a million miles an hour
When the tip tanks came off with a scream.
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
Still flying the Tokyo beam!

Fare thee well oh, fare thee well
Old Bill broke his eighty all to hell.
There'll be no more suki-yaki at good old Itazuke
Fare thee well, oh, fare thee well!

Sage Of The Old 36th

They gave him his orders at Group Operations
Saying, "Casey you're way behind time,"
It's now Kuneri but it's old Namsidong
You must cut them or bust your ass trying.
They climbed in their 80's at quarter past eleven
With the crew chief on the wing
The pilot said "plug in the power,
And listen to this 80 pilot sing"
They were rolling down the runway at 90 miles an hour
And the nose wheels broke the ground,
They were in the air and roaring o'er the mountains
Headed up to that flak infested town.
They passed over jaeju and skirted town.
They passed over Haeju and skirted Chinampo
And then headed up the coast,

When Dentish Charlie looked into his radar
And he turned just as white as a ghost
For the screen was blurred as the "trains" left the station
And they climbed to angels 29
We saw their contrails headed for us
And I wetted that flight suit of mine
He started on his bomb run at 200 miles an hour
And he saw his wingman shoot past
He flew thru his bomb blast at altitude zero
And he died with a rail tie up his ass.

Save Fighter Pilot's Life (I)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop my God, it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air
Glory, Glory Halleluja how did I get there?

CHORUS: Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja
Throw a nickel on the grass
and you ll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear
And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near
I met the flying board, and they gave me the works
Glory Glory Halleluja what a bunch of jerks!
. . . . CHORUS

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right,
And when I made my last turn, my God I racked it tight
And then the ship did shudder, the engine coughed and wheezed,
Mayday, Mayday, Colonel ________, Spin instructions please!
. . . . . CHORUS

Now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer,
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near.
Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse!

Save A Fighter Pilot's Life (II)

It was midnight In Korea, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel ________, and this is what he said.
I hate this __________ place!
Mustangs, gentle pilots, Mustangs one and all
Mustangs, gentle pilots - and the pilots shouted B--s!
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
You can take thos G-- D-- Mustangs Jack and shove 'em up your A--!

CHORUS: Oh, Halleluja, Oh halleluja
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh Halleluja, oh halleluja
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll all be saved.

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh won't you save me sir"
Got two big holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - got six MIG's on my A--!

I flew my traffic patter, to me it looked all right,
My air speed read 130, My God, I racked it tight
I turned onto the final, my engine gave a wheeze
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday Leader: Spin instructions please!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around".
Racked that Mustang in the air a dozen feet or more
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S onto my bomb run I got too G-- D-- low
I pressed the ______ button, let both my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent my up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"
But by the time I got there my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday - Mayday - Leader: I am too young to die!

I bailed out from that Mustang, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it
The G-- D-- Quartermaster had filled the tin with _____.

Now in this Commie prison camp I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of ---.
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix for breakfast till I die.

Cruisin' down the Yalu, doing 650 per
Gave a call to ______________
Oh, won't you save me, sir?

Got two big flak holes in my wings
My tank ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday - got six MIG's on my _ _ _.'

CHORUS: Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

Made my pattern, to me it looked all right
My airspeed read 130
My God, I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder
The engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Leader - Spin instructions please!
. . . . . .CHORUS

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground
Got a call from Mobile
Pull up and go around!
I racked that ________ in the air
A dozen feet or more
The B________ snapped, I'm on my back
Oh, save me, ______________!!
. . . . . .CHORUS

Strafin' on the panel
I made my pass to low
Came a call from tower
"One more and home you go"!
I pulled that __________ in the blue
She hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't be back this winter
When the work's all done this fall!

Seeing Nellie Home

In the sky a bright star glittered,
On the bank a pale moon shone,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting
party
I was seeing Nellie home.
CHORUS
I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie Home,
'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting
party, I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested
Rested light as ocean foam, And
'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie Home. CHORUS

Shanty Town

(Johnny Long's version)

There's a shanty in the town
On a little plot of ground,
Where the green grass grows
All around, all around.
Roof so torn, so badly worn.
It touches to the ground.
It's just a tumbled down shack
And it's built way back
About 25 feet from the railroad track.
It lingers on my mind
Most all of the time,
Keeps calling me back
To my little grass shack.
I'd be just as sassy as Haille Selassie
If I were a king,
Wouldn't mean a thing
Roof so tall
Read the writing' on the wall
But it doesn't mean a thing
Not a doggone thing,
For there's a queen waiting' there
In a rockin' chair
Blowing' her top on 'Gaitor's beer
Looking' all around
And trucking' on down
Yes, I gotta get back to my shanty town.

She's More To Be Pitied

She's more to be pitied than censored.
She's more to be helped than despised.
She's only a lassie who ventured
Down live's stormy path ill-advised.
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter,
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall
For a moment just stop and consider,
A Flyboy was the cause of it all.

Shine On Harvest Moon

Shine on, shine on, Harvest Moon
Up in the sky.
I ain't had no loving since
January, February, June, or July.
Snow time ain't no time to stay
Outside and spoon,
So shine on, shine on, Harvest Moon

So Long

I've sung this song, and I'll sing it again
Of the things that I've done and the places I've been.
Of some of the things that have bothered my mind
And a lot of good wingman that I've left behind.

CHORUS
SINGING SO LONG, ITS BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU
SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU, SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN HOME
SO I'VE GOTTA BE DRIFTING ALONG.

This story begins when we gathered to brief
We listened to the words of our red headed chief.
He said, "Listen men and I'll tell you the tricks
About what is the way with the 86---------------CHORUS

We turned on the runway and started to roll
I gave her the throttle and poured on the coal,
The JATO was heavy, my God it was thick
So I went on the gauges and yanked on the stick---------CHORUS

We flew up to Sunan and dodged all the flak
I called to my leader, "Oh please take me back",
But instead of turning, be muttered these words--------CHORUS

We then went to Sukchon and glide-bombed the rails
We broke to the right with flak on our tails,
We rendezvoused high with the MIGS in the sun
And I thought to myself we should giver the gun------CHORUS

When we circled to join up it was a great race
The MIGS would soon come up and give us a chase,
Number four man's five hundreds were still tightly hung
If we didn't leave soon we would surely be done------CHORUS

I called my leader, "I'm low on fuel,
If you turn around quick I can get back to Seoul".
Just then he shouted "There's MIGS on the lead
So we'll break to the left and get up some speed------CHORUS

Well I broke to the left and felt a great jar
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar,
My canopy jammed and my engine flamed out
And over the RT I started to shout-------

BUDDIES SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU
SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU
SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU, BUT IT'S NOT MUCH THAT I CAN SAY
FOR IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE AUGERED TODAY.

Show Me The Way To Go Home

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago,
And it went right to my head
Whereever I may roam
Over land or sea or foam
You can always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

Song of The Wolf Pack

Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky

Oh pilots of the Wolf Pak
Go to the briefing room
The mission is a good one
To the MIGS it will mean doom
We're going up to Hanoi
To Kep and Phuc Yen too
To write our bloody record
In the annals of the blue

We take off in our Phantoms
To play our deadly cards
The engines make our thunder
And our eyes are steely hard
We're on the way to battle
The forces of the foe
We're certain to destroy them
We'll seek them high and low.

We battle today, and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the sky

We cycle through the tanker
The tension starts to rise
We go to meet our destiny
Awaiting in the skies
We tune and arm our missiles
As we streak across the black
Our boss is in the forefront
Leading the Wolf Pack

We're showing on their radar
Their hearts are full of hate
They rise to meet the challenge
To meet their bloody fate
They're headed for disaster
As any fool can tell
They dare to face the Wolf Pack
We'll shoot them clear to hell

We battle today, and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the Sky

Wolf Pack lead says "Contact"
They're MIGS, a flight of two
I'm too close for the sparrow
The sidewinder will do
I'll roll into the six o'clock
Behind the trailing MIG
And let him have a missile
Just like a fiery GIG

Oh otner flights engaged more MIGS
Hot action filled the air
The Wolf Pack's lust was sated
Before heading for their lair
The enemy won't soon forget
The awesome deadly toll
As the 8th Wing troops return to base
And make their victory rolls

We battle today and make our kills
The Wolf Pak in the sky.

Stand To Your Glasses

A poor aviator lay a-dying
At the end of a bright summers day
And his comrades were gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

> Oh, his bird was piled up on his wishbone,
> And his engine was wrapped around his head
> And he wore a spark plug on each elbow
> 'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket
As he stirred in the sump where he lay,
And to his sorrowing comrades
These brave parting words he did say:

> I'll be riding a cloud in the morning
> With no Merlin before me to course,
> So come along, and get busy
> Another lad now wants the hearse!

Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the cylinders out of my brain,
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys,
And assemble the engine again.

> With rusted fifties and rockets,
> With pilots as old as they seem,
> We fly these worn out Mustangs
> Against the MIG fifteen.

Forgotten by the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the ones we held dear,

The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here.

So stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world full of lies,
Here's a toast to those dead already,
And here's to the next man to die.

Strafing In A Mountain Pass

Strafing in a mountain pass
Couldn't make the turn
Twelve tons of thunderjet
Watch that Bastard Burn

We've fought the MIG's at Kunure, we fought at Sinajee
They nailed us down at Kyomipo, and we lost quite a few.
We flew these birds from old K-2, six thousand feet,they say
Don't ask a 49'er boys. the Bastards are all dead.

Sweeter Than The Flowers

Oh, just as long as I can remember,
She'll remain the rose of my heart.
Mom took sick along in December,
February brought us broken hearts.

The reason we've not called a family reunion,
We knew she wouldn't be there.
But after we thought it all over, Mama,
We knew that your spirit was there.

CHORUS
Oh, no, I can't forget the hour.
You're the onliest one Mom and sweeter than the flowers.
Oh, no, there's no need to bother,
to speak of you now would only hurt father.

They all gathered 'round, I stared at their faces.
Their heads were all bowed mighty low.
This was one time that we all had to face it.
But we felt so bad you know.

It looked so good to see us together,
But I had to look after Dad.
Oh, Dear Mama, When I passed by your coffin,
I didn't want to remember you dead.

CHORUS
Oh, no, Mama, we'll never forget you,
and someday, we'll meet you up there.

Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi

The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl,
of all the girls I know;
Each sweet coed, like a rainbow thread,
Fades in the after-glow.
For the blue of her eyes,
And the gold of her hair
Are a blend of the western skies.
How the moonlight beams on the girl of
my dreams,
She's the sweetest of Sigma Chi.

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

I looked over Jordon,
And what did I see there,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

CHORUS
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.
. . . . .CHORUS

TAC Headquarters

(Tune: Pepsi-Cola)

TAC Headquarters is the spot
Twenty-eight colonels, that a lot
Lots of brass with nothing to do
TAC Headquarters is the place for you!
Chicken, chicken, chicken, chicken....

Tell Me Why

Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the ivy twines,
Tell me why the skies are blue,
And I will tell you just why
I love you.

Because God made the stars to shine,
Because God made the Ivy twine
Because God made the skies so blue,
Because God made you, that's why I love you.

Tell Me Your Dream

You had a dream, dear,
I had one too,
Mine was the best dream
Because it was of you;
Come sweetheart, tell me
Now is the time,
You tell me your dream
And I'll tell you mine.

Tennessee Waltz

I was waltzing with my darling
To the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend I happened to meet.
Introduced him to my loved one
And wile they were waltzing
My friend stole my sweetheart from me.

I remember the night
And the Tennessee Waltz.
Now I know just how much I have lost.
Yes, I lost my little darling
The night they were playing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz.

That Old Gang Of Mine

Not a soul down on the corner
That's a pretty certain sign,
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

There goes Jack, there goes Jim,
Down thru lover's lane,
Now and then we meet again,
But they don't seem the same.

Gee, I get a lonesome feeling,
When I hear those church bells chime;
'Cause those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

The Blue Tail Fly

When I was young I used to wait
On master and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the blue tail fly.

CHORUS:
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by a blue tail fly...CHORUS

On day he ride around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,
The devil take the blue tail fly...CHORUS

The pony run, he hump, he pitch,
He threw my master in the ditch,
He died and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was the blue tail fly...CHORUS

They buried him under a simmon tree,
His epitaph is there to see......
Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie
Victim of the blue tail fly...CHORUS

The Coed And The Cadet

The Coed and the Cadet were courting I declare,
Down by the gate they didn't know that I was there
Oh the Coed she was bashful and Cadet he was shy,
He asked her if he could and this was her reply:

You can do it if you wanna
But you'd better do it right,
You'd better not do it
Like you did the other night
Cause if you do, I'm telling you
I'll never let you do it again
I really mean it,
I'll never let you kiss me again

The Cowboy's Lament

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a cowpuncher all wrapped in white linen,
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

O, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the dad march as you carry me along,
Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me,
Foe I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong,

I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,
There words he did say as I slowly stepped by,
Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.

It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I used to go gay,
Then I first took to drinking and then took to gambling,
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying todya.

Let sixteen gamblers come carry my coffin,
Let six pretty maidens come sing me a song,
Take me to the graveyard, there roll the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept as we bore him along,
For we all loved our comrade so brave, young, and handsome,
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

The Foggy, Foggy Dew

When I was a bachelor, I loved all alone,
I worked at the weaver's trade;
And the only, only thing that I did
that was wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the wintertime,
Part of the summer, too,
And the only, only thing that I did
that was wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

The Ho-Chi-Min Trail

Tune: The Navajo Trail

Everyday along about sunrise
When the sky line is beginning to pale;
I load six seven-fifties
And fly the Ho-Chi-Min Trail.
I hate to see the flak a burstin' 'round me,
I shiver when I think about it's sting
But over yonder hill the SAMs are rising
They always seem to yank my pucker string.

Well, what do you know, it's Bingo already,
And two hundreds the course that I sail.
Tomorrow I'll load more seven-fifties
and fly the Ho-Chi-Min Trail

The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk

Early in the morning when engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing
Beside his office door.
He'll be sweating out the take-off

As he's often done before.
The man behind the armor door.

Four times he's led us up there
And he always led us back
For he circled o'er the IP
As we went in to attack.
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic to ack ack"

And when the target's sighted
Who inspires our attack?
Who says, "Hundreds may go in, lads,
But a few arn't coming back."
Who says, "We;ll disregard the minimum
When you suppress the flak,"
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the mission's over
And debriefing they should be
You can search the whole field over
but not a pilot will you see.
For they'll be at the "O" club
With a mixed drink in their hand
Singing "The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk"

The Little Brown Mouse

Oh the liquor was spilled on the bar-room floor
The Bar was closed for the night
When out of his hole came a little Brown Mouse
And he sat in the pale moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the bar-room floor
As back on his haunches he sat
And all night long you could hear him roar
"Bring on your goddamn cat!"

The Persian Kitty

The Persian Kitty, perfumed and fair
Went out to the kitchen just to get some air
When a Tom Cat, lithe, lean and long,
Dirty and yellow, came along.
Now he sniffed that perfumed Persian Cat
As she walked around with much eclat.
Thinking of a bit of time to pass
He wispered, "Baby, you sho got class".

And fitting and proper was her reply
As she arched a whisker right over her eye.
"Daily, I'm fed on certified milk
And nightly I sleep on pillows of silk.
I should be happy with what I've got.
I should be happy, but happy I'm not.
I should be happy, I should indeed
Just cause I'm highly pedigreed".

"Cheer up", said the Tom Cat with a smile
"And trust your new found friend for awhile.
You need not escape from your backyard fence
Baby, all you need is experience".
Now the joys of life he did unfurl
As he told her the tales of the outside world
Suggesting at last with a lurid laugh
A trip for the two down the primrose path.

Now the morning after the night before
The Kitty came home about the hour of four.
The innocent look from her eyes had went, and
The smile on her face was a smile of content.
In later years the neighbors came
Just to see the Persian kittens of pedigreed fame.
They weren't Persian, they were black and tan,
And she told them that their daddy was a traveling man
A traveling man, a ratching, scratching traveling man.

The Red River Valley

To the valley he said he was flying
and he never saw the pay that he earned.
Many jocks have flown into the valley
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission.
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley
and today you're flying my wing.

On the flack is so thick in the valley,
That the MIGs and the missiles we don't need
So fly high and down sun in the valley
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,
In the states it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
'Twas the last A.A.R. for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flack toward the target
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead,
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefings,
We will sit there and tickle the heads,
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my callsign today is TEAK lead!

The Thud Drivers Theme

Tune: Whiffenpoof Song

From a hootch in Southeast Asia,
To the place where aces dwell
To the strip club down at Zuke
We knew so well.

Sing the fighter jocks assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
Sing they poorly not too clearly,
loud as well

We will throw our glasses wildly,
And throw our bombs as well
And the finks at Two A.D. can go to hell

We are poor fighter jocks who have lost
our way,
Help---Help---Help. We flew to the town
of Hanoi today, Help---Help---Help
Steely eyed pilots up in the blue,
Lead got zapped by an SA-2,
Let's haul ass or they'll zapp us too,
A-----------B------------now!!!

The Yellow Rose Of Hanoi

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi
Who loves a fighter crew.
She runs the Hanoi Hilton
And she longs to welcome you.
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh
He has a long goatee.
And if you greet him nicely,
He will let you stay for free.

CHORUS: Her eyes are shaped like almonds,
And I'll give you a hunch,
I don't want to meet her family,
Cause they're a nasty bunch.
It's fish heads and rice for breakfast
And fish heads and rice for tea.
But so long as they don't catch me,
No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom,
Or you may fly a Thud,
But if you fly to Hanoi,Better
listen to me Bud.
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,
Or Los Angeles and such,
But the yellow rose of Hanoi
Is just a bit too much.

CHORUS

There Are No Fighter Pilots

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
The place is full of queers
Navigators, Bombardiers
But there are no fighters pilots down in Hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They are off on foreign shores
Making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on
Reading novels in the john
On the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are ungaged
And his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Fifth
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
The place is full of brass
Sitting round on their fat ass.
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay
Being shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japap

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation
But increase the population
It's naughty naughty naughty but It's nice

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds
All he does is flub his dub
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell

Throttle Bender

(Tune: McNamara's Band)

My name is Throttle Bender,
I'm the leader of the gang;
I burn up lots of engines,
But I don't give a hang,
To me full bore is normal cruise,
Cause I don't give a darn;
My boys can never catch me
They've got a lot to learn.

CHORUS: We are the boys from Itazuki,
We are the boys from Itazook,
We are the boys from Itazuki;
We fly with the ________ Group.

My name is Throttle Bender
I'm the leader of the Group,
I always cause confusion
But I don't give a hoot,
I climb too slow, I dive too fast,
I pull excessive G's,
I know my ooys are following,
I hear their knocking knees.
. . . . . .CHORUS

My name is Throttle Bender,
I'm the leader of the Wing.
I haven't led a group in years
So I don't know a think
About the wing formation, boys,
That I am going to lead;
But I'm the Wing Commander
So there really is no need.
. . . . . .CHORUS

Now if you lead a flight, boys,
Or if you lead a Group;
Lend an ear and you will hear
The latest kind of poop.
From ToKeeyo to Sazzmago
You'll hear the boys all say,
The leader bent the throttle, so
I had it rough today.
. . . . . . CHORUS

Tipperary

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know
Farewell to Piccadily,
Good-by Leicester Square;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Tiptanks And Tailpeips

Bless them all, bless them all,
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockhead for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
"cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and al'.
The needless did cross, and the wings did come off
With Tiptanks and Tailpipes and all

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall,
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus.
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it,
But you're prob'ly break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall

Titanic

Oh, they built the ship "Titanic"
And when they had it through
They thought they had a ship
That the water would not come through
But the Good Lord raised his hand
Said that ship would never land
It was sad when that great ship went down.
CHORUS
It was sad, it was sad,
It was sad when that great ship wnet down
Husbands and wives (High squeaky voice) little bitty
children lost their lives.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

They were off for England
And were headed for the shore,
And the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they put them down below
And they were the first to go
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS

Oh, they put the life boats out
In the raging burning sea,
And the band struck up with "N°er My god to Thee"
Oh, the Captain tried to wire
But the wire was on fire
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

In a prison cell I sit, thinking, mother, dear, of y…
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I do.
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be brave.

CHORUS. Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching
Cheer up comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag,
We shall breathe the air again,
Of the freedom in our own beloved home

In the battle front we stood when the fiercest charge
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines, they were beaten back a…
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

CHORUS:

Trash Haulers In The Sky,

A trash hauler flew overhead
One dark and Windy Day.
He passed above our runway,
As he flew upon his way.
When all at once our flight offour
Gave him an awful fright
We flew within a hundred feet
And pitched out on his right.

Yippee Aye Aay____________
Yipee Aye Ooh____________
Trash Haulers in the sky.

We called out on the radio
He hit a power dive -
And prayed to God and Orville Wright
That he'd remain alive,
He cut down through our pattern
And pulled about two "G's".
When he regained control again
He barely cleared the trees.

Yippee Aye Aay__________
Yippee Aye Ooh__________
Trash Haulers in the sky.

We told him on the radio
We said to him "My Son".
We said "My boy if you want to live
You'd damn well better run".
So push those frappin throttles up
And head across the sky,
And never venture near again -
Where Phantom pilots fly.

Yippee Aye Aay________
Yippee Aye Ooh________
Trash Haulers in the sky.

Twelve Days Of Tet

(Tune: 12 Days oi Christmas)

On the First day of "TET"
My D.O. gave to me,
A gun on a Phantom F-4C.

Second - 2 CBUs
Third - 3 Rocket Launchers
Fourth - 4 High Drags
Fifth 5 Hand Grenades
Sixth - 6 Side Winders
Seventh - 7 750s
Eighth - 8 Charging Sparrows
Ninth - 9 Nasty Napes
Tenth - 10 Tons of Bombs
Eleventh - 11 Lady Fingers
Twelvth - 12 Firecrackers

Violate Me

Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know.
To the best things in life
I am utterly oblivious;
Give me a life that is lewd and
lascivious,
Violate me in violet time
In the vilest way that you know.
Ravage me, savage me
Utterly damage me,
On me no mercy bestow.
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know.

Virgin Sturgeon

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon
Virgin Sturgeon is a very fine fish
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish

Shad roe comes from a scarlet shad fish
Shad fish have a very sad fate
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish
Got that way without a mate

Oysters they are fishy bevalves
They have youngsters in their shell
How they diddle is a riddle
But they do, so what the hell

The green sea turtle's mate is happy
With her lover's winning ways
First he grips her with his flipper
Then he flips her and grips for days

Vive L'Amour

Good fellowship brings us together today,
Vive la compagnie!
It lights up our faces and makes our hearts gay,
Vive la compagnie!

CHORUS.
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour
Vive la compagnie!

[illegible]

Vive la [illegible]

CHORUS

Wabash Cannonball

From the great Atlantic Ocean,
To the wide Pacific Shore,
From the sweet o'er flowing mountains
To the south land by the moor
She's known quite well by all
For she's the combination
Of the Wabash Cannon Ball

CHORUS:
Listen to the jingle,
The rumble and the roar,
As she glides along the woodlands,
Thru the hills and by the shore;
Hear the mighty rush of the engine,
Hear those lonesome hoboes squall
While travelin' thru the jungle
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Our Eastern states are dandy
So the people always say,
From New York to St. Louis
And Chicago by the way;
From the hills of Minnesota
Where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.
.......CHORUS

She came down to Birmingham
One cold December day,
As she pulled into the station
You could hear all the people say
There's a gal from Tennessee;
She's long and she's tall
She came down to Birmingham
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.
........CHORUS

Now here's to Daddy Claxton
May his name forever stand,
And always be remembered
In the courts throughout the land.
His earthly race is over,
And the curtains round him fall,
We'll carry him hone to Dixie
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.
.........CHORUS

Waltzing Matilda

One a jolly swagman camped by a brill-along
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited till his
billy boiled;
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

CHORUS:
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his
billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the
brill-along,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him
with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in
his tucker bag
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
......CHORUS

Warm Summers Morning (O'Rileys Bar)

Twas a warm summers morning, the Migs were all swarming
And we were too far on the roam
When the flight leader said, to his flight with tails red
"Bail out, we can't stay where we are".
We shed our tiptanks and turned on our flanks,
And we headed our asses for home
When up from the ground came the flak all around
My God how I wish I'd stayed home.
Operations never told us, the thing that we should have known
About the flak that is white and black
And how your eighty moans - and it groans,
Thirty-five more missions and I'll be headed back
Back to Truman's Island where there is no Goddamn flak.

Wait Till The Sun Shines Nellie

Wait 'till the sun shines, Nellie,
And the clouds go drifting by,
We will be so happy, Nellie,
Don't you cry.

Down Lover's lane we'll wander,
Sweethearts, you and I.
Wait 'till the sun shines, Nellie
Bye and Bye.

Way Back In The Hills

Way back in the hills as a boy I once wandered.
Buried deep in the ground
Lies the girl that I loved;
She was called from this earth,
A jewel from Heaven,
More precious than diamonds,
More precious than gold.

CHORUS:
A jewel here on earth
A jewel in Heaven,
She'll brighten the kingdom
Around God's real throne,
May the angels have peace,
God bless her in Heaven,
They've broken my heart
And they've left me to roam.

When a girl of sixteen,
We courted each other,
She promised someday
To become my sweet wife
I bought her the ring
To wear on her finger,
But the angels they called her
To Heaven, one night.
. . . .CHORUS

This world has its wealth
Its trials and troubles,
Mother earth holds her treasures
of diamonds and gold,
But it can't hold a soul
Of one precious jewel
She's resting in peace
At the heavenly throne.
.........CHORUS

"We're Here For Fun"

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

We're here for fun right from the start
So drop your dignity
Just laugh and sing with all your heart
And show your loyalty;
May all your troubles be forgot
Let this night be the best
Join in the songs we sing tonight
Be happy with the rest.

When You Were Sweet Sixteen

I love you as I never loved before
Since first I saw you on the village green
Come to me, ere my dream of love is O'er
I love you as I loved you
When you were sweet sixteen.

When You Wore A Tulip

When you wore a tulip
A big yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose,
When you caressed me,
'Twas then heaven blessed me,
You made life cheery,
When you called me deary,
Way down where the blue grass grows.
Your lips were sweeter than julip
When you wore a tulip
And I wore a big red rose.

When Your Leaves Have Turned To Silver

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same?
Oh, we'll always call you "(Any old
dirty Major)"
Isn't that a bloody shame?

To the days at Itazuke
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick them up your flue!

Where Have All The Old Heads Gone

Tune: Where Have All The Flowers Gone

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago,
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've all gone to Vietnam.
When will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long timeago.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
They've all become Viet Cong
Oh, when will we ever learn;
Oh, when will we ever learn?

Where have all the VC's gone?
long time passing.
Where have all the VC's gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the VC's gone"
To fix the bridges that we bomb,
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the Weasels go?
O'er the ridge to meet the foe,
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
They've been down, oh, so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn'
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the strike flights go?
'Cross the fence again, I know.

Oh, When will they ever learn;
Oh, When will they every learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Aong the railroad, Oh, so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the old heads gone?
They've gone home; their tour is done.
You see, they've finally learned;
Oh yes, they've finally learned.

Whiffenpoof Song

To the tables down at Mory's
To the place where Louis Dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well,
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well.
"Shall I wasting" and "Mavourneen"
and the rest,
We will serenade our Louis,
While life and voice shall last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.
We're poor little lambs who have
lost our way, Baa, Baa, Baa,
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Damned from there to eternity,
God have mercy on such as we,
Baa, Baa, Baa,

Who Knows

The moon was shinning on the barroom floor
The joint was closed for the night
When out of the corner crept a little fat mouse
And sat in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the liquor from the barroom floor
And back on his haunches he sat
Then to that empty room said
BRING YOUR GODDAMN CAT.

Who Owns This Club

Oh, We're the boys from the ___________,
You've heard so much about
The mothers keep their daughters in
Whenever we go out.

We're always drinking whiskey
And we're always full of booze
Oh we're the boys from the _________.
And wo the hell are youse?

Who owns this club oo-wa-wa
Who owns this club oo-wa-wa
Who owns this club the people cry-eye-eye
We own this club oo-wa-wa
We own this club oo-wa-wa
___________Fighter Group we reply-eye-eye

Repeat

Wild Weasel

Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.
I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big game.
I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Come weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.
But don't worry fellows, for threats, there are none.
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.
There's flak all around us. They've shooting, and how.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's at eight.
Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.
A missile! A missile! Let's take it on down.
Oh God, where's that bastard? My flight suits turned brown.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.
The missile's at two, boys; now watch it sail by.
There's smoke from the SAM site out there in the grass.
Set 'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.
I'm lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot fine bear.
Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, They've called me by name.
I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.
One hundred, one hundred, I'm heading for home.
And over those damn hills, I'll never more roam.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot,fine bear

Will The Migs Come Out To Play

(Tune: My Indiana Home)

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong
Harbor,
And the 85's start puffing at Kep Hay,
You will know your target's just
around that mountain
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play

Oh, you reach your pull up point and
start your pop up,
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,
You see the bridge and as you start
your rollin,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, You've dropped your bombs and now
you're off and running,
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,
And as you reach the jagged limestone
ridges,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all
the sea is friendly
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,
If only the MIGS don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're
resting easy,
A drink of water helps you on your way,
But a glint of light, a speck up high,
and you know,
The MIGs have fin-al-ly come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving
down, you're running,
But his overtake is must to great today,
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin,

You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play!!!

Wreck Of Old Ninety-Seven

There were 97 aircrft parked out on the apron
And thére wasn't room for more
Now the first 96 were of modern construction
And the last was a DH-4

The first 47 were reserved for the majors
And the captains had the next 49
There was one ship left on the end of the apron
It was the last ship in the line.
It was old "97" and her fuselage was rusty
And her wings were warped and bent
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture
Like a cow that was quite content.

Then a 2d Lt wandered into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
But they said, "Young man we are mighty short of aircraft,
But we'll see what we can do".

It was old "97" and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she growled and she groaned when he warmed up her engine
'Cause she knew that her end was near.

So they flew over Birmingham and South Alabama
'Til the clouds began to fall
'Till they settled down on the tops of the mountains
And you could't see a thing at all.

So he turned to the left and he flew into a snowstorm
So he turned back to the right
'Til he found a railroad going in his direction and he said
"By God, we'll get there tonight".

Then he pointed her nose in a southerly direction
And he kept those tracks in sight
'Til they disappeared in the side of a mountain
And he ended his last long flight.

It was old "97" with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
Now her throttles were bent in the forward direction
But her engine was pointed back.

All you Air Force ladies please take fair warning
No matter where you roam
Never say harsh words to your aviator boy friend
He may leave you and never come home.

Yellow Rose Of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Texas, I'm going there to see,
No other fellow knows her, nobody only me.
She cried so when I left her, It like to broke her heart,
And if we ever meet again, we never more shall part.
CHORUS
She's the sweetest rose of color, a fellow ever knew,
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew.
You may talk about your dearest maid, and sing of Rosy Lee,
But the yellow rose of Texas, beats the gals of Tennessee.

Oh, I'm going back to find her, my heart is full of woe,
We'll sing the songs together, we sang so long ago,
I'll pick the banjo gaily, and sing the songs of yore,
And the yellow rose of Texas, shall be mine forever more.
CHORUS

You Can Tell A Fighter Pilot

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball,
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the
spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his
sextants, maps and such
You can tell a fighter pilot, but
you cannot tell him much!

You'd Better Get Yourself A Guy

You'd better get yourself a guy
Who stays right here upon the ground
And doesn't wear those shiny, silver wings
And when the evening shadows fall
There'll be no long distance call
To say he's RONing in Palm Springs!
He'll be known in every bar across the country
From blondes, brunettes, and redheads he will flee,
You better get yourself a "mister" in a grey tweed suit
And not a pilot in the ADC!

Zoot-suits And Parachutes

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

There once lived a Fraulein down near Fursty way,
She loved the jet boys, specially their pay,
Along came a "Buzz-boy" as happy as could be,
He was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS
Zoot-suits and parachutes
Wings of silver too,
He'll fly a fighter like his daddy used to do.

He ask her for a candle to light his way to bed,
He ask her for a pillow to rest his weary head,
She like a foolish maid, thinking it no harm,
Jumped right in beside him to keep the "Buzz-boy" warm.
............CHORUS

Early in the morning before the break of day
He handed her some Deutche Marks and this he had to say:
"Take this my darling for damage I have done,
By me you'll have a daughter, or by me you'll have a son"
...........CHORUS

Now if you have a daughter bounce her way up high
And if you have a son send the rascal out to fly
The moral of this story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a "Buzz-boy" an inch above your knee.